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My Colleen Das Crutha Na Mho

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MY COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHA NA MHO.

'Twas on a fine summer's morning
when the birds sweetly tuned on each
bow,

I heard a fair maid sing most charming
As she sat a milking her cow,
Her voice it was chaunting melodious,

She leftt me scarce able to go,
My heart it is soothed in solace,
My Colleen dhas crutha na Mho.

With courtesy I did salute her,
Good morrow most amiable maid,
I'm your captive slave for the future,
Kind sir, do not banter, she said,
I'm not such a precious rare jewel,
That I should enamour ye a so,
I am but a plain country girl,
Says Colleen dhas crutha na Mho.

The Indians afford no such jewels,
So precious and transpare tly fair,
Oh, do no to my flame addfuel,
But consent for to love me my dear,
Take pity, and grant my desire,
And leave me no longer in woe,

Oh love me, or else I'll oxpire,
sweet Colleen dhas crutha na ho,
Or had I the weelth of great Damer

Or all on the African shore,
Or had I great Devonshire treasure,
Or had ten thousand times more,
Or had I the lamp of Alladdiu,
Or had I his genie also,

I'd rather live poor on a mountain,
with Colleen dhas crutha na Mho.
I beg you'll withdraw & don't tease me
I cannot consent unto thee,

I liketo live single and airy,
Till more of the world I do see,
New cares they would me cmbarrass
Besides, sir, my fortune is low,
Until I get rich I'll not marry,
says Colleen dhas crutha na Mho.

an old is like an old almanack,
Quite useless when once out of date,
If her ware is not sold in the morning
at noon it must fall to low rate,
The fragrane of May is soon over,
The rose loses its beauty you know,
All bloom is consumed in October,
Sweet Colleen dhas crutha na Mho.

A young maid is like a ship sailing,
Don't know how long she may steer,
For every blast she's in danger,
A consent love and banish care,
For riches I care not A farthing,
Your affection I want, and that's all
In comfort I'd wish to enjoy you,

My Colleen dhas crutha na Mao.